M' ANNSACHD

Agus Rannan Eile

LE

MRS CAMARAN

A bha uair-éiginn am Monar

EDINBURGH: JOHN GRANT

31 GEORGE IV. BRIDGE

1916

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The Rev. J. R. Mackay,

Inverness.

With Compliments,

From

Rev. A. D. Cameron.

Creich,

October 1916.

Mrs Cameron.

Age 92 years—knitting socks for soldiers.

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Introduction.

THE author of the following verses, the only child of Donald MacRae and Ann MacDonald, was born in remote Maolbhuie, in the parish of Lochalsh, over ninety-two years ago. According to a common practice prevalent then in the Highlands among people in her parents' position, Margaret MacRae's educational opportunities were confined to the winter months, while in the summer months she had to attend to household duties. The school, situated more than 20 miles from her home, was, like all of its kind, primitive in its design and limited in its educational facilities. Yet, under the tuition of her first schoolmaster, Donald MacArthur, she seemed to avail herself of her privileges because she valued them so much, and quickly developed a desire for reading in English and in Gaelic, and acquired such knowledge as fitted her more than many for life and family duties.

At the age of eighteen years, she married John Cameron, who was fully twenty years her senior. The people said that the young couple, flushing with the glory of physical beauty, were as attractive as any of whom their great shire could boast. He was so tall and handsome that, even in Kintail, renowned for its men of fine physique and manly qualities, few there were who could excel him. She was "fair to look upon," and the ploughshare of sorrow, during the long life of ninety-two years, has not furrowed out of recognition the comeliness of her early youth. Moreover, the inward life, "the hidden man of the soul" that is not subject to the corroding influences of toilsome life, has been sought and found by the increasing years.

Immediately after their marriage the couple went to reside at Strathmore, which nestles cosily in the unrivalled scenery of the uplands of the parish of Urray. These lines of the great Nature Poet well describe the impressions made on her soul among the hills and *scuirs* :—

"How beautiful this dome of Sky !
And the vast hills in fluctuation fixed
At Thy command how awful ! Shall the soul
Human and rational, report of Thee

Even less than these? Be mute who will, who can,
Yet will I praise Thee with impassioned voice:
My lips that may forget Thee in the crowd,
Cannot forget Thee here."

This truly was a fitting place for the birth of a poetic soul. The great hills, green-clad from base to summit, were impressive symbols of benevolence, immensity, and everlastingness; and the undulating plain, with its floral carpet of myriad tints, illustrated the infinite variety of the goodness and kindness of Nature's God. From loch and hill, tarn and rock, knoll and dell, in the glow of the summer eve, the soft air vibrated with the stirring strains of the massed feathered choir. Here indeed all things, animate and inanimate, join in a universal chorus of joy. Such were the scenes that awakened lyric strains in the soul of Margaret MacRae.

About the end of her first year of married life, at the age of nineteen years, she made a pilgrimage of 35 miles on foot to attend the solemn Holy Days of Communion in Urray. It was here that she invested the only half-crown in her possession in a copy of the Confession of Faith, with which was bound up the larger and shorter Catechism. With this book and the Bible, she became first her husband's tutor and afterwards her children's

instructor. Her husband, like many of his class, was presumably never at school, but, under the careful tuition of his zealous young wife, he gradually acquired such facility in the use of the stately English of our Catechism and Bible as enabled him, for over forty years, freely and uninterruptedly, to exchange ideas with his noble master, the late Captain H. White of Monar, an Englishman who was entirely ignorant of the vernacular. John Cameron was an upright and meek man, temperate in all his ways, and one who was never known to raise an ill report about his neighbour.

To rear and educate a family of seven sons and two daughters in so remote a place as Monar, with the nearest school 30 miles away, and on a wage of £26 a year (ultimately £30 with the grazing of three cows), was a problem that might well give my parents some serious thought. But they faced and discharged their parental obligations cheerfully and with goodwill, and every one of the nine were given such opportunities for their advancement as, in all the circumstances, reflected the greatest credit on the industry and thrift of their parents. Our mother was specially anxious that we should have the benefits of education. The two oldest

members of the family were sent first to Fort Augustus, a long way from Monar, where my grandfather was living at the time, and afterwards they were sent to Inverness. Sometimes our father engaged a girl to give us elementary instruction, and then we were sent either to Beauly or Lochalsh. The school fees, charges for board and lodgings, the cost of books, and whatever else was required, had to be eked out of the scanty wage. With some experience of present-day educational facilities, I cannot but admire on the one hand the efforts and the self-denial exercised by our parents to give their children educational advantages, and, on the other hand, deplore that some of the older members of the family were under such disadvantages in their youth as denied them the opportunity of exercising their undoubted talents in the higher branches of education.

I was myself about twelve years of age when my parents left Monar and went to reside on a small holding, Torrangorm, on the estate of Belladrum in the parish of Kiltarlity, and up to that age I had been three winters in different schools, two of them taught by young men entering upon their studies for one of the professions. My

father died at the age of ninety-three, a member in full fellowship with the Church, and committing his soul to Him who loved him, with the full assurance of a blessed and glorious resurrection.

At what date my mother first "invoked the aid of the Muses" I cannot tell, but clearly the occasions on which the poems were composed were those of sore family bereavement. She was deeply moved by the death of her sons Donald and Angus, the former a bright youth aged twenty-three, and the latter at the age of twenty-four. But the loss that affected her more than any was the death of her first born, a daughter who lived for her father's family, and died from a disease contracted from a brother whom she nursed back to life. Of Ann Cameron it could be truly said:—

> "The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
> A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort and command."

Her daughter's goodness and attractiveness she endeavours to delineate truthfully in the poem, "Nighean na Beus."

The poems throughout hum the melancholy moan so characteristic of all Gaelic

poetry, and their chief accents are those of sorrow. They are not, however, the musings of a dejected faith, but rather of the broken spirit, the close ally to conquering belief. My mother's memory is still good, and I believe, even at the great age of ninety-two years, she could pour out her heart's sympathy for the desolated homes of our land in those times of national struggle, in the cadences of rhythmic efforts, but the mental strain would be too great. Full of patriotism, and enthusiastic for the cause for which the nation's sons are shedding their blood, the preservation of our lads and their success in the war are the subjects of her daily prayers and solicitations. In the frontispiece, she is seen giving practical effect to her sympathy—knitting socks for the lads away. Still with the avidity of youth for reading, she finds the pictures of the ancient prophets and chroniclers of war the best mental guides; and, applying such teachings to the conditions that may arise in the future, she looks with some anxiety, but still with strong faith, to the sad time when the desolations created by the war may become more pronounced. But above all she sees, in the destiny of nations and individuals, the guiding hand of the living God, and hopes

and believes in a future brighter than the past has ever been.

In preparing those Gaelic verses for the press, I have to acknowledge the kind help of the Rev. Donald MacLean, Edinburgh.

A. D. CAMERON.

Free Church Manse,
Creich, Sutherlandshire.
1st August 1916.

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M' Annsachd

GUR e m' annsachd 's mo roghainn,
An Ti 'thagh mi mar chéile,
Ged bu bhreun agus salach,
'S ro pheacach mi 'nam eideadh,
Cuiridh 'n fhìreantachd shiorruidh
Glan sgiamh air mo chreuchdan ;
'S ma gheibh mi dhachaidh gu lath'rachd,
Bidh mi àillidh thar cheudan.

Ged bu dìblidh mo dhùthchas,
'S mi ris a' smùirich a' leantuinn,
Sud an Ti nach d' rinn tàir orm,
Bho'n bha ghràdh dhomh cho maireann ;
'S ged bha ceannairc a' m' nàdur,
'S nach b'àill leam dhol maill' ris
Cho-éignich a ghràdh mi,
'S rinn e mo thàladh le ghealladh.

M' Annsachd

'S gur e nise mo roghainn,
Bhi gu soilleir a'm' chéil' dha;
Fad mo chuairt anns an t-saoghal,
Gu'm biodh m' aodach is m'éis air,
Bho'n phàigh e m' uil' fhiachan,
'S nach 'eil e 'g iarraidh 'na e'irig,
Ach mo chridhe bhi dìleas,
'S glan a'm' imeachd a réir sin.

Ach tha mise cho aotrom,
'S gu'n cuir gach gaoth mi dhe'n rathad,
Mur bi na gaoirdeanan siorruidh
'Ga mo dhìon bho gach mealladh;
Cha'n'eil m' earbs' ann am ghràsan,
No aon nì a tha agam;
'S ann an carraig nan àl
Tha mo shlàinte dhomh maireann.

'S bho'n tha cunnart 'san fhàsach,
'S mis' ghnàth cho beag faiceal,
Dh' iarrainn spiorad na h-ùrnuigh,
Dh'am chumail dlùth anns an tagar;
Gu'm biodh aingeal a' chùmhnant,
'Ga mo stiùradh gu calaidh,
Mu am faicear mi bàite
'Measg champ Pharaoh air cladach.

M' Annsachd

Tha mi 'nis air fàs aosmhor,
'S neul an aoig air mo mhala,
Cha'n e mo dhachaidh an saoghal,
'S cha'n fhaod mi bhi fad ann ;
Mi le caithris 's le cùram,
'S ann an ùrnuigh gach latha,
Gur ann chum àrdach' do thròcair
Fhuair iad deò air an talamh.

'S, O ! gu'n luathaich'dh tu 'n tìm,
'S am biodh gach tìr ort an eòlas,
'S na fineachan lionmhor,
Nach cuala riamh mu do thròcair ;
Gu'm biodh na h-Iudhaich le dùrachd
Tigh'nn bho dhùthaich am fògraidh,
A' cuir an aghaidh air Sion,
'S a' gal 'nan imeachd le deòdhas.

'S b'i roinn dhe mo shòlas,
Gu'm biodh na bròin rinn tàir ort,
'S dh'éigh an glaodh cruaidh sin—
" Beir bhuain e 's thoir Baràbas "—
Tighinn a nis gu eòlas
Air do mhòrachd mar Shlàn'fhear,
Faighinn aithne air an iobairt
'Sa bheil sìth agus slàinte.

M' Annsachd

O ! gu'n creid iad da-rìreadh,
Gur e so e bho Bhosrah,
Le chulaidh sgiamhach cho daitht',
Riaraich ceartas Iehobhah ;
O ! gu'n dean thu ad thròcair
M' oighribh-sa a bheannachadh,
Gu bhi beò chum do ghlòire,
'S gu meal iad sòlas nam flaitheas.

Bi 'gan gleidheadh 's'gan dìon
Bho gach lìon tha 'san t-saoghal,
Is bho gach neòghloin nàduir,
Tha 'na nàmhaid do dhaoine ;
Bho gach cunnart is gàbhadh,
O ! gu bràth dean an saoradh,
Gus an toir thu iad sàbhailt
Dh' ionnsuidh Àros na naomhachd.

B'e mo dhùrachd 's mo mhiann,
Iad bhi gniomhach 'nan latha,
Agus feumail 'san fhion-lios,
Dha bheil Ios' mar fhear-tighe,
Mar gheugan a' lùbadh,
Fo thoradh cùbhraidh nam flaitheas,
Gu toirt peacaich ad ionnsuidh,
'S a chuir an crìun aig do chosan

M' Annsachd

Air sgàth na fola chaidh dhòirteadh
Ann an àite nam peacach
Na fàg fo chnòdach an dallaidh,
Na bheil fhathast 'n staid nàduir,
Dhe na dh' àraich 's a dh' altrum,
Nach rachadh as 'bhi chòmhnuidh
Ann san dorchadas shiorruidh,
Mur tigeadh Criosda g'an còmhnadh;

Is a thàinig gu deònach,
Bho na mhòrachd a b' àirde,—
Cha b' ann gu lùchairt no caisteal,
Cha robh 'thlachd ann an àilleas—
Ach, feuch a nis e 'sa' phrasach,
Fo chriosan-ceangail an teàrnaidh,
'S lean sin e gu Calbhari,
'S iad ris na maidean ga thàrnadh.

O! gu'm buadhaich an gaol ud,
Air gach aon a gheibh sgeul air,
A bha 'n Athair na tròcair,
A fhuair seòl air an réite;
'Nuair a bhiodh sinne gu siorruidh,
Ann am piantan na léir-sgrios
Thug e àilleagan gràidhe
Gu bhi 'nar n-àite mar éirig.

M' Annsachd

O! marcaich gu buadhach
An carbad uasal do shoisgeil,
'S bho éirigh gu laigh gréine,
Ruigeadh sgeul air do chosnadh :—
Gu bheil saorsa 'ga éigheachd,
Dha gach creutair air olcas,
Bheir ùmhlachd dha'n àithne,
Air sgàth ghràidh bha gun choimeas.

Caoidh A Ceud-ghin

B'E sud griùrach mo sgéile,
Rinn am beum a bha cràiteach,
Bhuin i bhuam mo cheudghin,
'S mi gun t' éile 'na h-àite,
Ghabhas truas ri mo lag-chuis,
Ged b' ann an glacaibh a' bhàis e—
Cha'n'eil te air an talamh
A ni m' fhaire le gràdh ann.

Ach tha Iosa, mo charaid,
Air a' chathair as àirde,
'S gach nì air nèamh 's air talamh,
Chuir an t-Athair fo làimhse;
'S c'uim am bi mi fo chùram,
Ni e gach cùis mar is feàrr i;
Mar a dh' fhosglas e'n dorus,
Bidh mi sona 'na làthair.

'S mis' tha faicinn 'na bheannachd,
Gur ann 'na làmhan atha iad,—
Iuchraichean a' bhàis agus ifrinn,
'S nach téid mise chuir ceàrr ann;
Ged a shiùbhlainn am chadal,
Air an astar tha nàmhlaidh,
Gu'n dean ainglean a ghlòire
Mo threòrachadh gu diongmhalt.

'S bidh mi 'g innseadh gu siorruidh,
Cho fialaidh is a bha e,—
Mar a mhaith e na fiachan,
A bha lionmhor do-àireamh,
Is a rinn e mo ghlanadh,
'San tobar fhallan nach fàilnich,
Bh'air a fosgladh tre bhuaidh-sa,
Dh'an t-sluagh a bheir gràdh dha.

Ach is sgìth mi dhe'n pheacadh,
Is dhe seacharan m' inntinn;
Ach cha tig dhomhsa bhi gearain,
Ged bhiodh mo bheatha an dìmeas,
'S gu robh Prionnsa na flaithis
Fhad 's a bha e 'san t-saoghal,
Gun ionad gun àite aige,
Ach fo thàir a measg dhaoine.

Ach tha e nis air a chrùnadh,
Righ nan dùl is nan aingeal,
'S chaidh e dh' ullachdainn àite,
Dh'an phàirt a ni leantuinn;
'S ma bhios mise dhe'n àireamh—
Tha mo là ach beag thairis—
Cha dean mi gearain gu siorruidh,
Air na piantan troimh 'n deach mi.

Ach tha mi nis air fàs aosmhor,
'S tha saoghal 'na sgleò dhomh;
Cha'n'eil mo shocair ri fhaotainn
Air an taobh-sa de Iordan;
Tha togar ann mar air sgiathan,
Bhi maill' ri Iosa m' Fhear-pòsda,
Far am faic mi Domhnall is Ana,
'S gach aon chaidh dhachaidh gu glòire.

Ach fhad 'sa bhios mi air thalamh,
Bidh mi tagar a thròcair
Air an son-sa tha fhathast
Caitheamh 'm beatha an gòraich;
'S iad gun eagal roimh 'n bhagar,
Tha 'san fhocal dhuinn sgriobhta—
Mheud 's' bheir spéis dha na pheacadh,
Nach 'eil dol as ac' bho phiantan.

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Caoidh A Ceud-ghin

O! Thus' Athair na tròcair
Rinn rathad dhomh s' thigh'nn faisg ort,
Creutair truaillidh an nàdur,
Agus dàn ann an cleachdadh,
'S tric a shaltair air t' àithne,
Tha 'n diugh 'na nàire ri aithris,
Ach 's tu mhaitheas gu léir sud,
Trid mòr eifeachd na fala.

Nighean Nam Beus'

GUR e mise th'air mo chràdh,
Bho'n a dhealaich rium am bàs
Bean na maise bha a ghnàth,
Dhomh fhéin 's do chàch 'na còmhnadh.

Bean nan subhailcean 's nam beus,
'S a bha measail oirre fhéin;
Riamh cha d' fhuaireas smal 'na ceum,
Ri fad a ré 's a làithean.

Bha i taitneach dh'an t-sùil,
Ruiteach, fìnealta 'na gnùis,
Ard 'na pearsa tlàth 'na sùil
'S a h-anail cùbhr', gun mhor-chuis.

Bha i snasail ann a' gnìomh,
Agus foghainteach le rìan;
Chum sud ise sideil riamh
Air feadh gach là bu bheò i.

Nighean Nam Beus

Tha i nise 'sann 'na tàmh,
Ann an cuibhrichean a bhàis;
Ach bidh mo dhòchas-sa gu bràth,
Gur spiorad àrd an glòir i.

Bho'n ghabh i eòlas glè thràth
Air Iosa mar shlighe na slàinte,
Ged bha i tosdach aig a bhàs,
Thaobh meud a càdh 'sa dòruinn.

Bu trom ri ghiùlain 'san àm,
Bhi 'ga faicinn-s' anns a' ghleann,
'N glacan bàis gun fhuasgladh ann—
Bu chruaidh an snaim dh'an fheòil e.

Ach cliù dha Ugdar a ghràis,
Rinn mo chuideachdainn 'sa chàs,
Ged a bhrosnaich mise a làimh
A thoirt na sràc bha leònta.

M' Athair caomh e, ann an Ios',
Nach d'rinn ormsa eucoir riamh;
'S e thoill mo ghòraich is mo ghnìomh,
A bhi am pian gun dòchas.

Cuimhneachan

GED is socrach mo leabaidh,
'S ann tha'n oidhche leam fada,
Cha d'fhuair mi raoir cadal gun strìth,
'S mi ri cuimhneachdainn creuchdach,
Air an t-sràc thug an t-eug dhomh,
Mar chuir e mo cheud-ghin 'na chill;
Mar a thug e gu bràth bhuam
An tè bha feumail dha càirdean
'S nach d' thug tè eile bàrr oirr' an gnìomh;
Cha d' thug tè' éile am bàrr
Ann an ceutaidh 'san nàire—
Mo chrech léire mar tha mi dha dìth!
Ach cha deach e thar òrdugh,
'N Tì tha rioghladh gu còmhnard;
'S mise dh' iarradh bhi còrduidh r'a rian—
'S mise dh' iarradh bhi 'géilleadh
Dha thoil anns gach ceum dhi,
Bho'n chunnaic e m' fheum air mo chlaoidh;
Bho'n chunnaic e mo ghòraich,
Thaobh nan iodhalan feòlmhoir,

Cuimhneachan

Théid seachad mar cheò air an t-sliabh.
Cha'n'eil cuspair r'a fhaotainn,
An taobh so dhe an Aon Fhear,
Leanas mise anns a' chaonnaig bhios dìan.
Ged bhiodh iad am làthair,
Na chunnaic mi 'n tràth sin,
'S ann a dh' fheumainns' am fàgail is triall ;
'S ann a dh' fheumainns' am fàgail,
Am dhéidh anns an fhàsach,
Far bheil ribeanan Shàtain 's a lìon.
'S c'uim a bheil mi cho brònach,
Thaobh na dh' imich air tòs bhuam,
Ma shealbhaich iad glòir aig a' chrioch ;
Tha mo dhòchas 'na thròcair,
Bho'n ghabh iad aithne 'nan oig' air,
Nach do chuir e gu bròn iad no pian.

Samhradh Mo Chràidh

B'E sud samhradh mo chraidh,
Bhuin e bhuam-sa mo ghràdh,
'Se 'na laigh fo'n fhad gun éirigh,
Far an cadail e 'n suain,
Gu là as-eirigh an t-sluaigh,
Anns an éirich e suas le aoibhneas;

Mar a dh' thoillsichear Ios',
Bho na neamhan a nios,
Bidh mo ghaol-sa 'na sgiamh ag éirigh
Air a sgeadach' le glòir,
A' dol suas air na neòil,
Ghabhail sealbh air a' chòir nach tréig e;

'N oighreachd fhìor-ghlan nach sgàil
Cheannaich Iosa le bhàs,
Dha gach aon a bheir gràdh is géill dha;
'N oighreachd bheannaichte naomh,
Far nach gearainear chaoidh
Gu bheil gainn' ann air aon nì feumail.

Ach na h-anaman saort',
Seinn òran a ghaoil
'S 'ga mholadh gach aon le chéile—
'Ga mholadh le gràdh
Bho'n 'se dh' fhuiling 'nan àit',
'S rinn an saoradh an càs na h-éiginn.

Mar bha sinn gun dìon,
'S am malachd gu dian,
'Gar 'n iomain a sios gu léir-sgrios,
Thàinig Criosd le deòin
Bho rioghachd na glòir,
Dheanamh dorus na tròcair réidh dhuinn.

Sud a' sgeul bha binn,
Aig ainglean 'ga h-inns',
Dha luchd-faire ann an tìr Iudèa,
Gu'n d' rugadh an Tì,
'Bail' Dhaibhidh an Rìgh,
'S am faigheadh sinn dìon bho eu-ceart;

'S na chaidleas fo sgàil,
An làtha am bàis
Bidh ac' dachaidh na's fearr na chrè so
'San Ierusalem nuadh,
Far 'm faicear mo luaidh-s',
Mealtuinn glòir air nach cualas sgeula.

Samhradh Mo Chràidh

Bidh 'n corp euslainteach tinn,
Bha mi faire leam fhéin,
Mar bu mhaith leam gun sgìos gun eucail;
Gun chasad gun chràdh,
Gun eagal roimh'n bhàs,
Ach mar aingeal am Paras nèimhe;

'S ged tha mis' air mo leòin,
'Ga d' chumha le deòir,
Gur aoibhneas ro mhòr dhomh sgeul ud.
Ged chaill mi 'n t-oganach ùr,
A bha taitneach do'n t-sùil,
Agus measarra, cliùtach, beusach;

A bha domhain an ciall,
Ann am facal 's an gnìomh;
'S e chuir mais' ort a' sgeimh nach tréig thu—
Trusgan fìreantachd Chriosd
Bh'air a cheannach bho chian
Dha gach neach a ni dìon dha fhéin dhi.

Gleidh mise gu bràth,
Bho tabhairt mo ghràdh
Dh'aon chuspair a tha fo'n ghrein so,
Bho'n is goirid an uair,
'S am bi mo dhachadh 'san uaigh,
'S nam biom ullamh cha bu luath leam fhéin e.

Samhradh Mo Chràidh

Feitheam-sa le rian
T-àm a shuidhich mo Thriath,
'San téid mis' bho gach pian is eucail,
Tha aige 'na rùn,
Mu'n cadail 'san ùir,
An taice ri rùn mo chéile.

Mi mar chrionag gun bhlàth,
Nach toir Earrach no Màigh,
Chaoidh tuilleadh gu ailt na h-òige—
Mi mar chrionag gun fheum,
Chaill a duilleach gu léir,
'S nach 'eil sùgh an geug no mheoir dhi

M' fhoghar teannadh gu dian,
'San téid an corran fo'n dias,
'S am fàgar mi 'n dìon na foidean,
Far an caidail mi 'n suain
Gu là as-eirigh an t-sluaigh,
Anns an gairmear suas gu mòd iad ;

Far am bidh saoghal gu léir
Air an tional r'a chéil'
Dh' fhaotainn breitheanais, seul na còrach.
An dream a chaidil an Ios'
Gheibh failteachadh fial,
Stigh 'na bhaile bheil an Triath a chòmh-
nuidh ;

Samhradh Mo Chràidh

Gu bhi 'ga mhealtuinn gu bràth,
'S cha tig faileas no sgàil
Eadar iad-s' 'sa làthaireachd glòirmhor—
Mar bhios na h-aingidh gu léir,
Air am fuadach bhuaith fhéin,
Gu ionad na pein 's na dòruinn;

Sios do phriosan a bhròin,
Far am bi tuireadh gu leòir,
'S a chogais ro bheò 'gan ròsdadh,
Airson an dimeas air gràdh,
Ann an làtha na slàinte,
'S nach do ghabh iad ri fabhar Iehobhah.

Gillean Nach Till

O, CHA till na gillean
Gu fàsach nan drisean,
'S cha b' fhearr gu'n tilleadh
Ged tha mise fo bhron leo.

'S gur e mise a mhàthair
A dh' altrum 'sa thàladh
Na fir a bha gràdhach
Nan nàduir 's 'nan dòighean

Bha iad ciallach is macant',
Agus sgiamhach 'nam pearsa,
Cha robh coire r'a fhaghainn
'Nan cleachdadh no còmhradh

Cliù gu robh Dhasan!
Dh'ullach meadhon g'an àrach,
Bi mise g'am fagail
Air gairdean a' throcair

Gillean Nach Till

'S mòr a' dheagh-ghean 'sa chaoimhneas
Cha dh' fhag E gu'n chloinn mi,
'S gur mise bhitheadh aoibhneach
Na'm b' òighreachan glòire iad.

Chaill mise na bràithrean
Bhitheadh 'nan taice do chach,
'S gur e sud rinn mo shàrach'
Agus pàirt agam òg dhiubh.

Ach ma nigheas e sal uam
Ann a' tobair a' ghlanaidh,
'S mi nach iarradh bhi fada
Ann a caidreamh na feòla.

Ciod a th' agam 'san fhàsach
Ach tuislidhean làitheil?
'S Cha 'n'eil furtachd an dàn dhomh,
Gus an tàr mi thar Iordan.

'Se gradh siorruidh an Athar
A dh' earb ris a mhac sinn,
Chum ar saoradh bho mhealladh
'Sar glanadh bho dhò-bheart.

Cha 'n iosal mo Charaid
Air a chathair as àird E,
'S gach ni air neamh 'sair thalamh
Chuir an t-Athair 'na làmh iad.

Gillean Nach Till

Carson a bhithinn fo chùram?
Ni E gach cùis mar 's fearr i.
'Nuair a dh' fhosglas E an dorus
Bithidh mi sona 'na làthair.

'S mise tha faicinn a' bheannachd
Gur ann 'na làmhan a ta iad
Iuchraichean bhàis agus ifrinn
'S nach teid mise chur cearr ann.

Tha mi nis air fàs aosmhor
'S tha an saoghal na sgleò dhomh,
Cha 'n'eil mo shocair ri fhaotainn
Air an taobhsa de Iordan.

Ged shiubhlain 'nam chodal
Air an astar tha uamhaidh,
Gun dean ainglean na glòire
Mo threoraich' gu diongmhalt'.

Sin chi mi mo leannan
Rinn m' ionnlaid 's mo ghlanadh
Ann a' tobair na fala
A bha falain do mhòran.

'S Cha bhi mi sin cràiteach
Airson buillean a làmhan,
Rinn an saoghal 'na fhàsach
'S thug sabhailt' gu glòir mi.

Gillean Nach Till

Bithidh mi 'g innseadh gu sìorruidh
Cho fialadh 'sa bha E,
'Nuair mhaith E na fiachan
Bha lionmhor do-àireamh.

Tha mi sgìth de'n pheacadh,
Agus seacharan m' inntinn
Ach cha tig dhomh bhi gearain
Ged bhitheadh mo bheatha an dìmeas.

'S gun robh Prionnsa na Flaitheas.
Fad 's a bha E 'san t-saoghal,
Gun ionad no àite aig'
Ach fo thàire measg dhaoine.

Tha E nis air a chrùnadh
Mar rìgh nan duil 's nan aingeal;
Chaidh E dh'ullachadh àite
Do'n phàirt ni a leanntuinn.

'S E ni mise a ghlanadh
'San tobair fhalain nach failnich,
Chaidh fhosgladh tre bhuaidh-san.
Do'n t-sluagh bheir gràdh dha.

'S ma bhitheas mise de'n àireamh,
Tha mo làithean ach beag thairis,
Cha dean mi gearain gu sìorruidh
Air na piantan troimh 'n deach' mi.

Gillean Nach Till

Tha mo dhùrachd mar air sgiathan
Bhi maill' ri Iosa m' fhear-pòsda ;
F'ar am faic mi Domhnull 's Ana
'S gach aon chaidh dháchaidh gu glòir dhiùbh.

An Ti a leighseas am bacach
'S ni a cheumaibh a cheartach' ;
Gabh curam de'n aitim
Ta agam 'nam òran.

Beannaich iàdsan a dh' fhag thu,
Na fág iad 's na tréig,
Bi dhoibh 'nad' thearmunn làidir
Sabhail iad bho gach beud.

Bi 'nad' thargaid 'nad' sgiath dhoibh
'S gach ìal 'nad' lochran iuil ;
'Nad' Dhià dhoibh gu sìorruidh
Am beul lion le d' chliù.

'S dean am pilleadh da rireadh
Gu slighibh nam firinn
Thoir dhoibh aithne air an Ti ud
'Na dhìlseachd 's na throcair.

Thoir dhoibh sealladh de mhaise
Bheir a' miannaibh fo smachd dha,
Chum gu gluais iad 'nad' reachdan
Le tlachd mar bu choir dhoibh.

Gillean Nach Till

Bi mi nise a comh-dhunadh
Ann bhi cumha nam fiùran
Oir is goirid an ùine
Gus an duinear fo'n fhòd mi.

Ach fad 'sa bhitheas mi air thalamh
Bithidh mi tagradh a throcair
Air an sonsan tha fhathast
Caitheamh am beatha gu gòrach.

Agus iad gu'n eagal bho'n bhagradh
'San fhocail dhuinn sgrìobhta,
A mheud 'sa bheir speis do'n pheacadh
Nach 'eil dol as aca o phiantaibh.

O ! Athair na trocair,
Rinn rathad dhomhsa gu tighinn fagus
Creutair truailidh 'nam' naduir
Agus dàn nam' chleachdadh.

'S tric a shaltair air t'àithne,
Tha diugh na nàire ri aithris,
'S tu mhaitheas gu lèir iad
Troimh éifeachd na fala.

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